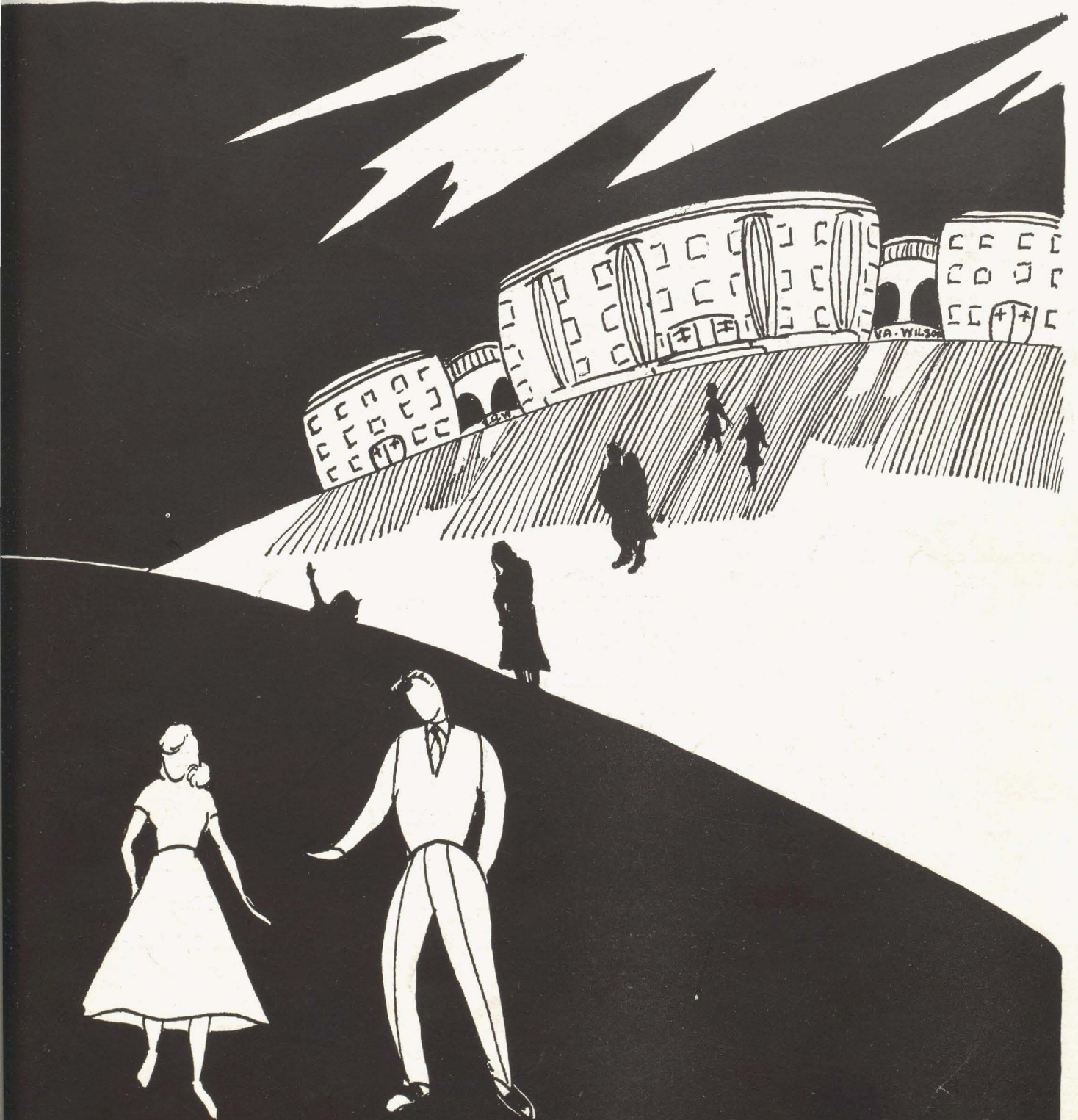


The EPAULET



MARCH 1948

With this issue, the current editors and staff of the EPAULET bid farewell. The fourth and final issue of the current session, which will appear in May, will be the product of the work of the incoming staff, who will continue their positions next year.

The present staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank its contributors, subscribers and staff members for the cooperation which has enabled the EPAULET to maintain its standard of literary merit.

To the staff of 1948-49, the editors give recommendation and the hope that there will remain for them the desire to portray in literature the essential nature of Mary Washington College of the University of Va.

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Emily Lynch

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The EPAULET

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Vol. VIII

MARCH, 1948

No. 3

*Not Words, but Thoughts and the Manner of
Expressing Them Make Literature*

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Fact and Fancy

WHO'S WHO IN EPAULET HALL

BYRD STONE

C. Byrd Stone, as she signs her checks, was originally from the Eastern Shore of Virginia, but is now thinking of building herself a Quonset hut in back of Madison because there is something about the way the water gurgles in the stream pipes of said dormitory that enthralls her. She is the EPAULET'S head cartoonist and is known for her slightly satirical, sophisticated cartoons, which have been immortalized by the *New Yorker*.

Her early life she disposes of by saying that her mother antagonized her forever by braiding her pigtails so tight that she has a permanently bagging scalp. In her future life, she plans to combine a career with marriage, because she says she would combine anything with marriage. While on this timely subject, her ideal man is a tall, dark-haired, inverted triangle, who is not illiterate, has a good sense of humour and will listen appreciatively to Henry Morgan.

Henry Morgan rates high on Byrd's list of likes. She is also partial to clean sheets, spinach, sleeping and eating, and whistling. She was once told that she whistled in such a blue-ue-ue- tone, so ever since, she has convinced herself that she is a warbling Frankie Lane. Her pet hate is the old cliché, "I'm so-and-so. How do you do? I'm Stone," which rates about even in her unpopularity poll with bridge.

Her greatest desires are to swing from chandeliers and bash in the teeth of people who say, "Why don't you hire yourself out to people who want to give somebody else the bird?"

She says she is Mohammedan on Friday, Jewish on Saturday, and Christian on Sunday, which means and according to religious holidays,

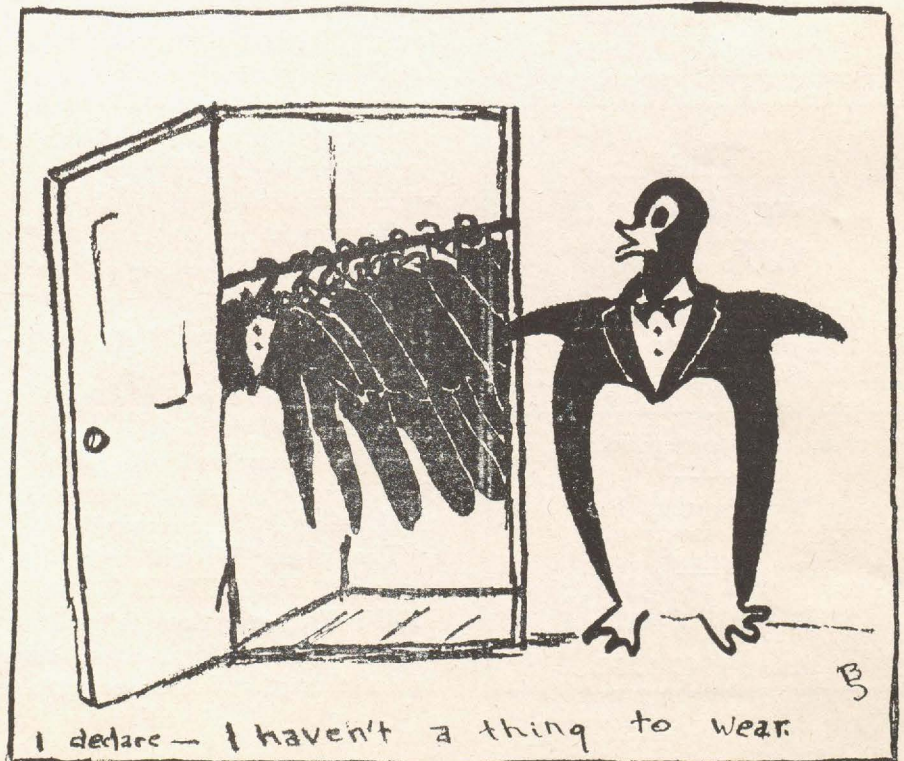
that she has the whole weekend off. One of these days she is going to employ her major, Spanish (which she says she took because the pronunciation is easy and once you get it figured out, there's nothing to it) and travel, speaking that romantic language, until she comes to a nice, romantic island (desert) where she will settle down with a collection of books, records, radio-vic and a comb. She does not commit herself as to what happens to all that Spanish studying while she's alone. Maybe she could teach the parrots to say "Hasta luego."

Her greatest philanthropic act will come in June, when as a graduation present, she will award her roommate with either stainless steel mudguards or a sheepskin bicycle seat for refraining from justifiable homicide for four years.

P.S. Her cartoons appear on page 1,7.

FOR ENTHUSIASTS ONLY

In case you didn't know, girls, diamonds have been obtained from Brazil for two hundred years. These trifles are lurking chiefly in the Diamantia region, which is located in the Minas Geraes section which is north west of Rio de Janeiro, (in case you have a ticket) and also, in parts of Goyaz, Matto Grosso, and Bahia. The stones are esteemed even more highly than Kimberly diamonds. Gems of large size have been found, not on fingers, but at Patos on the river Areado, where one weighed over two thousand carats. A stone discovered in 1929 in the river Abaete is reported to be the largest diamond in the world. All of which leads us to the reflection that the national games of the American male and female are similar in one respect if in no other, that is the circulation around a diamond.



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Summer Is Tomorrow

By

BARBARA THOMAS

Once upon a time, when we were all very young, we awaited the first signs of spring with an eagerness which was akin to madness. Not that we were lovers of the "unfolding" secret of spring or of the fresh, exciting face nature gives to the universe. We somewhat without wisdom went wading in the stream on the first warm February day, oblivious of the icy water which was pouring upon us from the secret, hidden, somewhere-off regions beyond, and compensated for our rashness with a child's rationalization that the blue sky and puffs of clouds give passive acquiescence. We had no illusion, no poet's entrancement at the spring, no close observance of the new form of life. We were no romantics, no pretenders to the throne of worship; no, we were prosaic children with a practical philosophy. The first clear sunshine, the first fat clouds, the first shoeless outings were not to us glorious signs of spring. They were rather, in our imagination a freshness that meant *summer*, to adults, an endless five months away, to us just around the corner. March might bring snow and April driving rain, but with the first sunny day when the snow had melted and the slush dissembled, we saw summer—that glorious paradise which made us ecstatic with delight at the thought.

We used to sit after our rendezvous with the streams or biology field trips and sigh that it was almost time to go swimming, or sunbathing, or sailing. None of us expressed it perfectly when in the middle of February she said, "Feel how still the world is. Smells and looks just like summer. I think summer is *tomorrow*!"

That phrase is vivid in my memory yet. SUMMER IS TOMORROW. What marvelous things it envisions, golden days, salad days, when, through with the imperative

and interrogative cases, with the sorrows of compounds interest, of fractions and of the tedious memory work involved in the natural resources of Peru and India, we could run shrieking to the beach—to the playground. We built endless forts in the sand, swam in the forbidden, deep, dark "hole," "ducked" our enemies and coyly floundered helplessly when approached by the other sex. We picked up shells and rocks of fantastic designs, explored the deserted fishing dock, flung sharp and heavy objects at the sea nettles hovering in the dark shadows of the dock's barnacled pilings. We investigated sand fiddler's holes, we climbed the slippery, slimy rocks of the jetty, we fished for minnows and crabs off the end of pier. We baked ourselves to the color of boiled crayfish each day and were the envy of all the tourists for the deep, black color which suddenly descended on us one day and stayed deep into the winter, when curiously we laughed at the difference where our bathing suits covered and where the dark tan still lingered on our backs. At night we came home, tired and hungry, to dash out for a game of baseball, "redlight" or "May I?" in the deepening twilight. Just before bed, we gathered lightning bugs in jars, each of us with a natural lantern in his hand.

Oh, summer, I envy children the summer. Never a time for work, it is the perfect season for young people. Every day is full and exciting—up to the last Labor Day parade. The picnics families have, which bore the grownups and entrance the children. What did we care for ants or mosquitoes or soggy sandwiches? We didn't heed warnings of "Don't go out too deep!"—"Don't take cold—watch the poison ivy!" We waded in all the poison ivy possible, were fished out of the bay half-drowned

M. B. Corbino

every half-hour and came home, tired, with cold, wet sand in our bathing suits, but with an eager enthusiasm for the next picnic.

We awaited Fourth of July as we did Christmas and we saved our money for Roman candles, fire crackers, and "sparklers." We enlisted our fathers on that holiday to set off our firecrackers while we waited in delicious fear for the explosion. That night the local fire company presented "fireworks" on the beach front, huge brilliant creations which sailed off over the moonlit waters for their moment of splendor and then sank forgotten into the black emptiness, while we awaited the huge boom that heralded the arrival of the next one. The "crackers" were wondrous in their variety—some exploded with huge thunder-like claps to send a spray of shining golden darts into all directions; Some rained long trails of blue, purple and red streamers which seemed to sink into the very sea. Others were whistling yellow tails, which slithered and slipped like painted snakes into the water. Others exploded like the crack of a million rifles to reveal a big, yellow moon, which was obliterated as soon as it appeared. We hated those for they were so big and ugly and made so much noise. The climax and our especial delight was the American flag, which emerged full grown and splendid on its background of intensely twinkling stars. We sighed and were disappointed when there were no more but cheered up when our parents bought us orange popsickles from the corner ice cream store.

The other phase of summer time which remains to me a living impression is the one of the carnival and the county fair. Circuses were too infrequent in our small town, but the carnival was an annual summer feature and for ten days we stayed ill on popcorn, peanuts, ferris wheels, and "whips." At 6:30 p. m., every night, we advanced on the scene of glory, which was a curious mixture of tattered tents, rickety machines, glittering wheels and a myriad of

lights. The carnival was laid out in a lot of wire grass, sand, and burrs, which made it disastrous for shoes as well as hard walking. It was really a dingy affair, drab and faint-heartedly trying to imitate its larger sister, the county fair. Not so many of us got to go to the county fair and the ones who did were the envy of the block for weeks. They told tales of a mile-long race track, dry and hard with dust, of "sulky" races, with the horses trotting sedately, piloted by wiry, little men in shiny, silk outfits and visored caps, who sat up high on the narrow carts and flourished long handled whips which they flicked lightly over the horses' backs from time to time. We never tired of hearing about the fair and we could see as if we were there the judges' flower-bedecked stands; the grandstand with its red, white and blue drapery; its flags waving gaily in the breeze; and the aerialist, who performed feats of acrobatics on the 20 foot pole across from the grandstand. When we finally went ourselves, the gleaming perspiration on the silky backs of the horses being led back into the stalls after a race enchanted us more than would have a bucket-full of diamonds. The exhibitions inside a damp, rectangular building were the real attractions of the fair, but the golden corn, the shiny glass jars of scarlet beets or cool green beans, the handcrafted mocassins and home-hybridized roses were neglected by us. We felt more keenly the need to gawk at the freak show, the snake pit or the gypsy fortune teller. The acquisition of a bag of spun-sugar candy which looked delicious and melted before there was time for a good taste was the sticky proof to the rest of the kids that we had really been to the fair.

How we wished that our whole life might be all summer and a succession of county fairs. Yet every year the last of August inevitably rolled around, and we were carted away vigorously from our little corner of Paradise, by weary parents who needed a two-week's vacation

(Continued on page 10)

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By

MARY SUE DUNAWAY

Late one Thursday afternoon last spring, twenty weary but eager Mary Washington girls presented themselves at the Alumnae House on the campus of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina. Soon afterwards we were registered as participants in the Fourth Arts Forum of the Woman's College and settled in dormitories with the W. C. girls and students from many other colleges. For the next two days, lectures, discussions, exhibits, and recitals were held in music, art, dance, and literature under the leadership of four prominent and capable artists. Ernest Bacon, noted teacher, composer and interpreter of music, Thomas Monro, critic, philosopher, and teacher of art, and Robert Penn Warren, poet, novelist, critic and teacher of literature, represented their particular arts. Of special interest to the M.W.C. dance enthusiasts was the guest artist representing the field of dance, Valerie Bettis, known for her choreographic work in modern dance.

We attended Mr. Warren's lectures, the art exhibits, student musical programs and lectures, etc. on Friday and Friday night; but Saturday was to be our big day, for on Saturday morning, we Mary Washington girls gathered in the Women's College of North Carolina's large gymnasium along with students from fifteen other colleges where we participated in a program of student choreography. We sat there on the floor and watched others dance and then participated in the criticism of their choreography. Suddenly it was our turn. We jumped up and soon were going through the familiar steps of *Aunt Rhody*, *Saturday Night*, and our loved *Smokey*. As we sat down there was a rustle of

approval and we all had a sense of satisfaction as we listened to our dances being criticized, and as we watched the remainder of the dances.

After lunch the big moment of the entire forum arrived for the eight of us who were to take the Master Lesson under Miss Bettis. Those of us not so fortunate witnessed the lesson from the crowded balcony of the gym. Downstairs we had the idea that with 200 girls taking the lesson we would scarcely be noticed. But no—Mrs. Read beckoned us to the front row and there we remained, under her watchful eye for the whole two hours of the lesson.

When Miss Bettis and her pianist husband arrived, we started with several techniques new to us. As we went through them we tried to perfect them quickly and to remember them so that we could later teach them to the other girls in Dance Club. Releves—plies—Body bends—all with different twists from those we had been accustomed to. Long dormant muscles were brought into use and soon our whole bodies began to ache.

All those people in the balcony peering at us as we worked from one end of the gym to the other were distracting at first but as time wore on and we became more absorbed in what we were doing we became completely oblivious to them. Our only thoughts were to grasp quickly and correctly the movements Miss Bettis was teaching. But almost before we knew it the two hours were up and Miss Bettis with her wit and personal charm, was saying goodbye. We dragged our weary bodies down to the locker rooms and hot showers midst the chatter of our friends who

(Continued on page 6)



THE THEATRE

By

SYLVIA LANE SHEAKS

Foreign films are doing much to broaden our cinematic horizons beyond their somewhat usual Hollywood molds, and are becoming increasingly popular in the United States. It has been estimated that theatres featuring foreign films, excluding English pictures, did a gross business of \$15,000,000 last year. This phenomenal upswing in the showing of foreign movies has been partially attributed to the nation-wide excitement caused by the realistic and frank Italian resistance drama, *Open City*. Since then, Italian movies have been in great demand and

French films, which once enjoyed top billing on the American market of foreign language pictures, have slipped to second place.

The foreign film producers, in sharp contrast to the Hollywood movie moguls, have no qualms about presenting their leading characters in a completely realistic manner. When the heroine is shown waking up in the morning, she looks as if she has spent the night in bed and not in a swank beauty salon. Her hair is a bit mussed and her night dress may even have a few wrinkles. Above all, her make-up is not obvious; she looks as if she might have washed her face before retiring. Foreign pictures may lack the grandiose qualities and magnificent scale of the California-produced "epics" but they have a sincerity about them which is refreshing.

One particularly fine French film which is running for its third month in New York is the movie adaptation of Ben Jonson's play, *Volpone*. Louis Jouvet, a favorite French star, is featured in the leading role. Jouvet also is currently appearing in an ironic and satirical French comedy, *A Lover's Return*. Drawn like *Volpone* from the world's treasury of great literature is another French film, *The Idiot*, based on the book of that name by the outstanding Russian novelist, Feodor Mikhaylo-

vich Dostoevsky. Incidentally, Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* recently finished a moderately successful run on a Broadway stage.

Jean Cocteau is a French poet and artist who has turned his talents to producing the ultra-modern in cinemas. His movies show the influence of the surrealist trends in art, and are calculated to inspire fear and horror. *Beauty and the Beast*, a voluptuous adaptation of the old fairy tale, and *The Eternal Return* are good examples of Cocteau's peculiar genius.

To Live in Peace not only has been hailed as the best foreign film of the year but also as one of the year's most honored pictures in international movie circles. This and several other British films are being widely shown throughout the United States. James Mason remains one of the most popular English stars and is currently featured in *The Upturned Glass*.

SILLYGISM

There once was a man who learned logic
Whose face got exceedingly trogic
For he suddenly found
When he fell to the ground
There weren't anyway he could
dodge it.

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DANCE

(Continued from page 4)

had observed. Our legs felt as if they would not support us any longer but we dressed and moved out to the nearest spots where we could relax before dinner and Miss Bettis' evening concert.

This concert was to have included her dance troupe, but because of some unavoidable occurrence, Miss Bettis gave a solo performance that night. And such a magnificent performance it was too, varying from the comic to the serious. We especially enjoyed her best known work, the dramatic "The Desperate Heart." After having worked with her for two hours we felt even closer to her as she moved about the stage—she seemed to draw us out of our seats onto the stage. We were so much a part of her dancing and understood so well the meanings of her movements. It was an experience few, if any, of us will ever forget.

That night, as we sat on a bus on our way back to school, each of us was absorbed in her own thoughts, summing up what we had gotten out of the forum, not only in dance forms, but in other fields as well. For each the answers were different but all of us could say that we had received a greater knowledge of and appreciation for dance, and had a grand time with a wonderful bunch of girls.

This year the Fifth Arts Forum will be held on March 11, 12, and 13 at the Woman's College as usual. And again this year Mary Washington will be represented by the Concert Dance Club. Guest artists this year will include Robinson for Dramas, Walter Gropius and Robert Gwathmey for Art, John Crowe Rawsom and Isaac Rosenfield for writing, and Martha Hill for Dance. Aaron Copland was to have been the guest artist for music but movie obligations necessitated his breaking the contract, an occurrence which disappoints us dancers greatly since Mr. Copland, who has written much music for dance, was to have included in his schedule a lecture on music-

writing for dance. However, a Mr. Rodgers from the Eastman School of Music will take his place.

Miss Hill, a well known choreographer and teacher of Modern Dance, will teach a three hour class this year in dance composition which many of us are looking forward to and which will be most beneficial to us. As last year there will again be a program of student choreography but at this Forum, Miss Hiss and Miss Virginia Moumaw, Director of Dance at W.C., will choose one group to dance with Miss Hill at her concert which will conclude the Forum, dancing their own composition. *Of course*, will be our air as we present the last two dances from our suite of Goodbyes which we gave for the first time at our concert in January.

WHIRLPOOLS

By

BECKY GRIGG

The water twisted and turned,
 Writhe and swerved,
 Twirled and curved
 Around.

It rushed past itself,
 Turned 'round and back
 And swirled down black
 In the ground.

And the pool changed swiftly,
 Was murky and ugly
 As it caught the splashing
 Rain.

The water bubbled and churned
 Dimpled and dartled,
 Caught rays it startled
 From the sun.

It was merry and gay,
 Sparkling and bright,
 Catching the light
 It had won.

The sky was brilliant
 As the pool rushed on
 And then seemed gone
 Away.

But it is still there
 And goes on again
 Through the night, and then
 All day.



SIGMA TAU DELTA

TWILIGHT GIVES A SIMPLE VIEW

By

JOAN GOODE

Twilight gives a simple view:
Painted silhouettes of sycamores,
Empty roads, and those tired troubadors,
The jays, refresh their blue
By dipping gentle wings within the air
And going on, to leave it still more bare.

Twilight has a hymn to sing—
Homes so full of love that they must send
Love and warmth through windows, thus to blend
With new-born stars that cling
To Evening. The song is small and soft
Before the late, dark cries are sent aloft.

Twilight has its other duty:
Drab and ageless rises seek to hold
Its stillness in their cup of old,
Tired soil. But the beauty
Spreads to cities awed by its calm, until
Men, hasting nowhere, suddenly are still.



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My True Love

By

JEAN REIFSNYDER

ACT I

SCENE I

The interior of a small, cluttered jewelry and clock shop. There are counters at each side of the stage—right and left. A store window is at the back, through which one can see people passing in the street. The door to the shop is in the center of this show-window. There is a woman sitting behind the counter, stage left.

The door upstage center opens, and Hermann Stolz enters. He is about five feet eight inches tall, around thirty-five, well-dressed and he has a jovial, happy air. He speaks with a decided German accent.

HERMANN: Good evening, Emma, How are you?

EMMA: Resting! For the first time all day! Christmas is wonderful—people giving gifts and buying them. We like it! But it's hard on the feet. And you?

HERMANN: I could sing!

EMMA: How is your work? Lise told me about Mr. Astor—how he'll have his food served by no one else but you.

HERMANN: He is so kind—he never forgets a holiday. Where is Rudolph? I want to see him—he has something for me.

EMMA: I call him. (She crosses to the other counter—right—goes behind it and parting a curtain hanging there calls) Rudolph—Hermann is here—he would see you! (She turns to face Hermann) He will be here in a minute. Do you think we will have snow?

HERMANN: (In a faraway voice) Snow—snow for Christmas. It's been a long time—almost ten years—that we had snow on Christmas. Our last Christmas in Vienna—it was so beautiful (forgetting Emma) and Lise—so beautiful—and now she is—

EMMA: (Breaking in quickly) Stout and breathless! (They both look at each other and begin to laugh) What are you going to give her this year?

HERMANN: Earrings—the most beautiful diamond earrings you have ever seen. Matched stones. Rudolph has been having trouble matching them—so it's taken longer than usual to make them up.

EMMA: Lise will like that.

HERMANN: I know. It was her idea—she wished for a pair a long time ago—but she doesn't know that I remember.

RUDOLPH: (coming in from behind the counter-right) Ah, Hermann, you are here. I've been waiting for you.

HERMANN: Where are the earrings, Rudolph? You haven't wrapped them yet, have you? I'd like to see them!

RUDOLPH: I'm sorry but I haven't got them ready.

HERMANN: Not ready! But why? You promised—you said they'd be ready for Christmas. What's wrong?

RUDOLPH: I wasn't able to match the one stone. It's a beautiful diamond, but its coloring is unusual. I thought I knew who could match it, that's why I said they'd be ready for Christmas. The man couldn't do it though. But Ehrlich said he'd see if he could get the other stone in Philadelphia. He won't be back until Wednesday, though. I did everything I could, Hermann. I know how much you wanted them.

HERMANN: But I had planned on giving them to her. She has wanted them so long and so much. I wanted to surprise her.

EMMA: You can give her something else, maybe—and the earrings later.

HERMAN: Yah, but what else?
(He turns to Emma, helplessly)
Emma?

EMMA: No-no-it must be your own selection, I'd hate the gift my husband gave me that was chosen by another woman, you pick it yourself.

HERMAN: (Looking desperately around the room) But what? (A cuckoo clock on the wall at this moment begins to strike, and instead of a bird a little dairy maid pops out and sings song. Hermann hears it, turns to look at it, and stares at it) That is it, that clock. I will have it. All my life I have loved the clocks that sing.

RUDOLPH: You have picked a beauty—Swiss. All hand carved. It plays two songs every hour, and the cuckoo comes out every fifteen minutes.

HERMANN: I want it—This is for her Christmas—the earrings for her birthday. You will have them ready by April, won't you? (They all laugh)

Curtain.
SCENE II

When the curtain rises we see the stiff parlor of a middle class family. It is a railroad flat, the rooms stretching out in a long row, with four windows two at the rear, and two in the parlor. They look out upon the passing "L" trains. We see two women, Martha Muller and Lise—standing and watching the Christmas tree, which is placed in a corner of the room.

MARTHA: Ach, Lise—it's a beautiful tree. It reminds me of the ones we used to have in the old country, big and beautiful. Yours is much prettier than the Schmitts. I just saw theirs; it's little.

LISE: It is pretty.

MARTHA: Bertha Schmitt was telling me what Otto is giving her—a dress. It will probably be very cheap.

LISE: Do you know what John is giving you?

MARTHA: No he always surprises me. Do you know what you are getting?

LISE: (nonchalantly) Yes, he is giving me a pair of diamond earrings.

MARTHA: (incredulous) But that's wonderful—did you see them?

LISE: No, I guess he hasn't brought them home yet, they couldn't be in the house. I've looked everywhere.

SOPHIE: (off stage) Momma, Momma, here comes Poppa, here he comes and he's got a great big bundle.

LISE: Don't come in here. Go fetch Johnny and Anna home for supper.

MARTH: (Rising quickly) Well, I'll leave now, I still have a few calls to make. Merry Christmas. (Martha Exists)

LISE: The old gossip! (Lise stands admiring the tree, we hear Hermann and Sophie talking off stage)

SOPHIE: Hello, Poppa.

HERMANN: Sophie—hello, sweetheart, where's momma?

SOPHIE: She's in the parlor, Poppa, when can we see the tree, can I go in now?

HERMANN: No, No. Do not be impatient little one. Not now, after dinner. Now, take my coat and hat and hang them up.

SOPHIE: Yes, Poppa. (Herman enters the parlor carrying a large package. Lise turns.)

LISE: It's beautiful, isn't it?

HERMANN: Christmas is always beautiful, liebchen, and so are you.

LISE: Another package? For the children? You spoil them. Here, give it to me. I'll put it under the tree.

HERMANN: Oh, no. I'll do it. Dinner soon?

LISE: Sophie is calling the others, come, let's go.

SCENE III

Scene is the same. There is singing, the doors of the room are thrown open and the whole Stolz family marches in. The smallest is first. They all stop singing to look at the tree with its candles all aglow.)

LISE: All right, children, sit down
(Continued on page 10)

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MY TRUE LOVE

(Continued from page 9)

and Poppa will give out the presents.

HERMANN: Here is a big one for you, Sophie.

SOPHIE: (taking it) Oh, thank you, Poppa. (She opens it) Oh, a doll, the doll with the pink dress, oh—

HERMANN: And Anna, here is one for you.

ANNA: Thank you, Poppa. (She opens her gift) The other doll, the one with the blue dress—oh, she is the most beautiful thing.

HERMANN: Johnny, now you, here's a package for you.

JOHNNY: Golly, it's heavy. (opens it) Skates, oh, boy!

HERMANN: Momma, here is a present with your name on it, and here's one for me. Go ahead children find your own gifts.

(There is much commotion and the children hunt for their gifts. They exclaim over them and open them. Hermann and Lise watch them, happily. Finally when all have been opened and examined)

LISE: All right, children. It's bedtime. Put your gifts away until tomorrow, hurry up.

ANNA: But I want to play.

LISE: Not now, tomorrow. Your things will be here then. Now go to bed. Goodnight, Anna, Sophie, Johnny, Merry Christmas. Go. Say goodnight to Poppa, and then hurry to bed. I'll be in later. (The children go to Hermann, each kiss him goodnight and leave the stage)

HERMANN: And, now, for your gift, Lise. (He crosses to the tree and picks up the large package yet unwrapped and gives it to her.) Here, with all my love.

LISE: Hermann, is this a joke, this large package?

HERMANN: Joke? Oh, Lise go on and open it—go ahead. (Lise opens the package. When fully uncovered, she sits there and stares at the clock)

HERMANN: Well.

LISE: (Puzzled) A clock. (Anger in tone) a cuckoo clock, you

bought a clock? The earrings, where are my earrings? Hermann, where are they?

HERMANN: What earrings?

LISE: You didn't get them?

HERMANN: Why, no, I thought you would like a clock.

LISE: (vehemently) I hate clocks like this, they tick too loud. They keep everyone awake at night. (Aside to audience) What will I tell Martha. She'll laugh, she'll say I was just making things up. She'll tell everyone—Hermann, I hate you.

HERMANN: You don't like the clock? I'm sorry. I guess I have to tell you. I tried to get them, the earrings I mean, but the stones they have to be matched. Rudolph said they'd be ready, but they weren't. That's why I got the clock, but I am getting them for your birthday. I've ordered a brooch to match them, too.

LISE: Oh, Hermann, I'm so happy. (She flings her arms around her husband) Merry Christmas. (They embrace, and over each others shoulders say to the audience)

HERMANN: She is happy. I shouldn't have told her, but she is happy. That is all that really matters.

LISE: The diamond earrings and a brooch, too. Just let Martha Muller gossip now.

SUMMER IS TOMORROW

(Continued from page 3)

in the mountains. Labor Day rolled around; we went swimming and picnicking reluctantly for the last time and went to bed that night with uneasy stomachs and troubled hearts. The next day was school and the end of our bliss.

Somehow, though, there was the comforting knowledge that another summer day was inevitable. Winter would be long and dreary but summer *would* come again. To those of us who welcomed autumn as the end of the world, it came as a miracle when unexpectedly another day dawned brighter than before. Often have I envied children their constant excited expectancy, which surprisingly is always rewarded. As adults, we attribute our melancholic, phlegmatic temper to the knowledge that we have embarked on life's last summer—whose glory will soon fade into the calm, dead stillness of the winter. Our ability to perceive golden days in the future, to wait expectantly for tomorrow's summer, is extinguished and swept away in the wind of yesterday's remembrances and today's submissiveness. It is a pity that summer can be only a creation rhapsodized in a child's heart.

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The Picnic

By

KATHERINE MAYO

We always said afterwards that it was the best picnic we ever had. I don't know why I should feel a little sad thinking about it, but I do. You see, it was like this.

We four had always gone around together. People just took it for granted that wherever they saw Lydia and Johnny, Steve and I would be somewhere near. All through high school it had been that way, and now suddenly—it was going to be different. Lydia was leaving for school the latter part of June, and we wanted to have one last celebration.

We went out to a place on the river which belonged to us, because all the fun we had had there made it exclusively our own. It was ideal for a picnic—the river was not too swift no dangerous for swimming, and the stretch of sand at the bank was wide and smooth. We always took the phonograph and our favorite records, along with a huge basket of food, prepared by our indulgent mothers. Lydia and I would wear our bathing suits under our jeans and shirts; thus clad, we would take off in Johnny's car for the river.

This time the day was perfect. It was about the middle of June and the shimmering, sultry heat of mid-afternoon hung heavily over the land. We were quieter than usual; maybe it was because we knew that this was the last time the four of us would be together like this. A part of our life was over, and it had been a very lovely part, so we were sorry to see it end. We wanted to have the dances and parties and football games of the last four years rolled into one. We were going to make one last beautiful memory, because all the memories we had after that would not be held in common, but would be a part of our new, and separate, lives. So this must be something to remember always.

We swam for awhile, and splashed

and ducked each other. Then, exhausted we lay in the sand in the sun, relaxed and happy. I remember how Steve went to sleep, and how I filled my bathing cap with water and poured it on him to the delight of Lydia and Johnny, who applauded also when he ducked me by way of punishment. Then he and I swam while Lydia and Johnny lay on the beach and talked a little, but mostly looked at each other and did not smile or say any thing. They had been together constantly for four years, and now they weren't going to be together anymore. I wondered what they were saying to each other, and I guessed it was only what they said to each other all the time; only now there was an ache in it. I tried to imagine what it would be like to go away in September, and not see Steve anymore, but I did not like the taste of the idea.

After swimming Steve and I decided to go fishing, as there was a shady pool about a half-mile down the river, where there were natural trout. If you were skillful enough you might get one; they were pretty smart though.

We didn't catch any fish that day, because the bank was steep and muddy, and Steve slipped and fell in, scaring the fish so badly that I doubt if they have ever returned. But we stayed on until about seven, when the thought of the food we had left became irresistible.

Lydia and I put on our clothes, over our now dry bathing suits, while the boys built the fire.

"Are you having fun, Lydia?" I asked her.

She smiled a little. "Gosh, Susan, it's wonderful. I never want to leave. I could stay right here on the river forever." "But you have to go, Lydia." She smiled again, but differently. "Yes."

The food tasted extra good that

night, or maybe we were hungrier than usual. After we had finished eating we lay on the sand, which was still warm from the sun, watching the moon rise across the water. We played the records we had brought, which were our very special favorites that we loved and knew by heart. *Stardust*, *Deep Purple*, and all the others. Then we sang; our old school songs and old ones like *When You Wore A Tulip* and *There's A Long, Long Trail*. Since we never got tired of them, we played the records over again. *Deep Purple* was our favorite, and I remember thinking when it came to the line "Though you're gone our love lives on" that soon we would be gone, but our love would be gone, too. For when you are young you think that nothing really lasts; especially something as lovely and warm and magic as our times had been.

The fire was almost out, and the

(Continued on page 12)

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THE PICNIC

(Continued from page 11)

moon was high in the sky. A sharp breeze blew off the river; the cool night of the mountain dropped upon us. Silently, we gathered our stuff together and started back. I was tired, and I put my head on Steve's shoulder. It was warm and hard and real; somehow, I felt differently when I was touching him. He got us a sandwich, and I thought how right it seemed that things should be like this.

"Isn't it funny, Steve," I said, "that even though you and Johnny and I will still be here, nothing will be quite the same."

"Uh-huh" Steve doesn't talk much, but we understand each other, and I felt his sympathy as if he had expressed it.

"It was so much fun, we meant it to be like all the other times, but it wasn't really. We were going to forget for one afternoon that we were breaking up, but even though I did forget it for awhile, I felt sad all the time, because underneath I knew this was the end." I guess I sighed a little.

Don't feel sad, Susan. The end of something is the beginning of something, too, and maybe what's to come will be just as nice." Boys are so realistic.

"How could it, Steve?" How would anything be as nice as this afternoon? How could anything be as nice as right now." A great lump of sadness swelled all through me; I wanted to scream to Johnny to stop the car, and go back. Back to the irresponsibility and carefree gaiety, the ups and downs of the magic time that was going so fast with every minute.

Steve touched my cheek gently with his finger. "You have to think about the future, Susan. You think that this is all you'll ever want, but it isn't. Just because one moment is perfect, you can't live in that moment forever.

I was silent for a minute, but Steve understood that I believed him. The sadness was still there, but the rebellion was gone. "Oh, well—" I said.

A typographer's Christmas card to his daughter:

Girls who eat their spinach have legs like this: !!

Girls who ride horseback have legs like this: ()

Girls who get drunk have legs like this:)(

And girls who use good judgment have legs like this: X

(The daughter sent it to Walter Winchell and achieved immortality.)

ARISTOTLE SAYS:

The origin of action is choice, and that of choice is desire and reasoning with a view to an end. This is why choice cannot exist either without reason and intellect or without a moral state; for good action and its opposite cannot exist without a combination of intellect and character. Intellect itself, however, moves nothing, but only the intellect which aims at an end and is practical; for this rules the productive intellect as well, since every one who makes for an end, and that which is made is not an end in the unqualified sense. Hence choice is either desiderative reason or ratiocinative desire. And the moral and ethical sense of all that, which will dawn on you after the third reading is, if you've got any brains at all—prove it.

GET THIS

Rev. Samuel Marinues Zwemer, D.D., F.R.G.S., M.R.A.S., LL.D., Litt. D.; Hon. Phi Beta Kappa; Editor of *The Moslem World Quarterly*; Professor - Emeritus of Missions and the History of Religion at the theological seminary, Princeton, New Jersey; President of The American Christian Literature Society for Moslems, is listed last in Who's Who for 1946—not because he is less important than anybody else, he just comes at the end of the alphabet.

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THE APPROACHING STORM

By

PATTI HEAD

I love to walk before a summer storm
When the clouds darken in anticipation,
And the water reflects a fathomless countenance;
Its glassy smoothness waiting
Waiting.
All nature pauses, sensing the coming storm.
Here and there, a bird's shrill call,
A startled rabbit's haste, reveals
Instinctive torment of the unknown;
While waiting Waiting.
The leaves hang limp, passe, as though bored
With their customary frivolity.
Then—the wind starts up; freed of a restraining hand,
And the small trees bend searchingly
Wishing they too, could find shelter in a snug nest.
For the waiting is over
The rain has come at last in noisy torrents;
Dropping in the infinite numbers
Of man into eternity.

THE CONSECRATION

By

LEORA KNAPP

Harbinger of dawn and still of twilight
Once roamed the sky to end of sky, this sun
A lonely traveller, since known as Time itself
Sought out its treasure, the earth to shine upon.
Sent down its wealth, and seldom ever hid
But cast reflections, snatching back did cast again
Learned of God, by Him that laws were made
Of Angels lost, whose loss was then man's sin.
Hence coveted one reflection slight blue and soft
Wafted from the Galilean this virgin light,
Preserved rare gift, nor lent to less rare gems
Whose substance whole was loathed to its sight.
How purer yet than tears shed close by Eden!
What purest destiny the sun did gently hold
For such pale light which virtue yet bestows,
Garnished complete with love and wisdom bold.
At length beheld a mountain fair blue and tall,
Disserved one ray yielding its full hue
Brilliant and lovely it climbed from that high peak
And turned the slight reflect a precious blue.
Jeweled crowns that dared steal even starlight
Knew not the honor of this exquisite gleam
The hour at hand the silver sun did lose
Her richest part, but sorrowing earth redeemed.
Guardian Bright to a stained Rose Window came
And let its prize to that all-splendored portal
Whose radiant colors crept with the Celestial light
Fused purple in the golden chalice filled of blood immortal.